

# GERMANY'S PRIDE

The Young Man Destined to Rule The Fatherland.

## SOMETHING ABOUT BOULANGER.

He is Talked of Almost as Much in Europe as is William, the Son of Frederick—The Mourning Court Held by the Dowager Empress at Berlin.

All Europe has an intensely practical interest, and the rest of mankind a natural curiosity, concerning William, the son of Emperor Frederick, who must soon be emperor of Germany. The purveyors of information have told us much, and the net result is to give us a very unpleasant impression of the young man. That he was deformed from birth, having a withered arm and shapeless hand, that he is very sensitive about his de-



formity and easily insulted, that he has a scrofulous affection in one ear, and that his general system is abnormal, are bad enough, but not just subjects of reproach. But that he is a reactionary of the worst type, openly defiant of his father's wishes and disrespectful to his mother, and disposed to be dictatorial and cruel, these are the really dark features of his character. Add that he goes beyond Bismarck himself in his demands for an immense military system and has a natural liking for war and warlike methods, and it is plain that Germany's future is somewhat problematical.

To an American it seems a sad and strange thing that a whole nation should be made anxious and all Europe disquieted by the peculiarities of one young man; but as they will not learn to do without hereditary monarchs they must take the evil with the good—if there is any good. And William "came honestly by" his peculiarities, most of them being of the kind which miss one generation and take effect on the next. He "takes back," as the western people say of that peculiar inheritance which scientists call atavism. His grandmother Augusta was a granddaughter of Maria Paulowna, one of three daughters of "Crazy Paul," the czar who was trampled to death in his palace by a few of his loving subjects. Paul was a man of disease, and, as to his brain, he was in that most unhappy of states—a little too crazy to be at large and not quite crazy enough to be shut up—and consequently capricious and cruel. His daughters were thoroughly scrofulous, and so the younger Hohenzollerns inherit the curse. For centuries the scrofulous taint has run through monarchical lines, and more than one royal or ducal house has thus become extinct.

Frederick William Albert Victor (such is his full name) was born Jan. 27, 1859, and was educated at Cassel and Bonn. He was rather feeble in early life, but by military training has gained strength. In 1881, when but 22 years old, he married the Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg, who was born May 8, 1860, and they have four children, born as follows: Frederick William, son to be crown prince, May 6, 1882; Frederick, July 7, 1883; Adalbert, July 14, 1884; August William, Jan. 29, 1887.

His wife is rather plain featured, and not at all gracious in demeanor. On the paternal side the family record begins to be conspicuous with that surly Frederick who knocked his wife and daughter down with his heavy and knobby cane, beat and imprisoned his son, afterward Frederick the Great, and repeatedly threatened him death, and who was so brutally frank and plain spoken that his best qualities appear much like other men's worst. His son, the great Frederick, was a little better. He was extremely fond of argument, but as he had a playful habit of collaring and kicking any one who disagreed with him it was, as Voltaire said, "impossible to discuss with a man who had such powerful arguments and wore such heavy boots." We can understand, therefore, just what the German people mean when they say of the crown prince, "He is one of the old Hohenzollerns."

And yet they like him, because he is a born soldier. He speaks with sneering contempt of English traders, and treats his mother with undisguised rudeness, she being English. His unflinching conduct was so notorious before the old Emperor William's death that the grandfather denounced it in unsparring terms. His father reproached him bitterly for seeking the imperial power while that father lay sick. "You," he said, "are the only one who appears to be convinced of my speedy death. And you have dared to speak and to act as if I were already irretrievably lost. You have given an example of an ambition most merciless and undignified. But thereby you have lost much of the confidence of the court and of the people." The same evening, the report further says, at dinner, when William lifted his glass and said, "I hope for your speedy and complete convalescence," the father asked: "Do you speak the truth?" The prince was silent and his mother and sisters burst into tears.

The present days of grief in Germany have been productive of many impressive cere-



EMPEROR AUGUSTA'S MOURNING COURT. monies, none of which exceeded in interest probably the court of mourning (Trauer

Court, instituted by the dowager Empress Augusta shortly after the death of the Emperor William. The cut here given of this extraordinary court is said to be a faithful representation of the scene, and it will be seen that while the formalities of a court reception are rigorously complied with the dressing is of the most somber character.

Gen. Boulanger is the great man of the hour in Paris, for he has appealed to the people and they have elected him as deputy from Nord from 59,498 votes to 33,745 given to M. Clémence, the Conservative Republican. But according to the peculiar system of French representation, he has been voted for in other departments, so his majority is 80,000 to 100,000, and he comes back to Paris the conquering hero of the hour. We say "comes back," but it is only in the political sense, for it is another oddity of the French system that a man need not live in the district he represents, and, as a matter of fact, Boulanger did not even visit the department in which the vote was nearly unanimous for him. It is just as if Gen. Grant in 1882 had appealed to Illinois, and been elected to congress by two or three districts. "But 'twas a famous victory." It is taken to mean that the people endorse his former vigorous administration of the war department, and especially his brutally frank statement that he expected an early war with Germany, and intended to be fully prepared for it. For that statement the conservative administration put him out and down. Now he is up again; 80,000 people turned out to cheer his passage from the Hotel du Louvre to the chamber of the assembly, and so the timid cabinet officers are "all of a tremble," as they say in Paris.

The present politics of that mercurial capital are wonderfully like those of Louisiana were from 1870 to 1877; they are much the same sort of people as the Orleansais, and are in a condition even more unstable. Of course, an ovation in which 80,000 people took part could not end without a fight; but the police authorities had their arrangements so well made that only a dozen or twenty people were knocked down. A day or two later the students of the Quartier Latin made a big demonstration against Boulanger and carried things with a high hand till they reached a market square where the butchers set on them, and the general rabble coming to the latter's assistance, the anti-Boulangistes were soundly and satisfactorily whaled. All this, the reader should understand, turns on the question between Radical and Conservative Republicans, the war party of Boulanger and the peace party now in power, with President Sadi-Carnot as its head. As the word Boulanger means "baker" the wits of Paris make many passable jokes about the butchers' support of him.

Gen. Boulanger visited the United States in 1881 as head of the military embassy representing the French army at the Yorktown centennial, and with him were the most prominent descendants of Lafayette and Rochambeau, Col. Bosson, the Count de Noailles, Marquis de Lestrange and many others. After the ceremony at Yorktown



BOULANGER IN HIS ROOM.

Gen. Boulanger announced an intention to visit Canada—"that Canada which remained faithful to the manners and language of the mother country." French diplomats in America represented to him that it would be "inconvenient imprudent," after having assisted at a celebration of a defeat of the English, to go in the character of a French general to visit an English province, but he took the responsibility and was most cordially received. A great banquet was given in his honor at Montreal, presided over by the governor of that province. Also a right royal fete on the old battlefield of Wolfe and Montcalm near Quebec. The tact of Gen. Boulanger and the eloquent fitness with which he spoke assured him a "boom" on his return to Paris, and was practically the beginning of his political leadership.

We present a view of the general in his room at the Hotel du Louvre, copied from a large picture prepared for Le Monde Illustré, of Paris, by the artist Tietz Bouquet. All the halls near his room are crowded daily with would-be visitors, not one in ten of whom can secure access to him, and when he appears in public his progress is a continued ovation. His supporters cry "Vive Boulanger!" and utter untranslatable cries against the "German cabinet" (meaning the cabinet which refuses to be anti-German), while the students yell "Vive la republique! Down with the dictator!" and then they fall to breaking each other's heads like good patriots. All this time the more prominent supporters of the two factions are hurling at each other such fierce epithets as make our old war cries of "Copperhead" and "Nigger thief" seem like little pleasantries, and duels are quite numerous. French duels are proverbially safe affairs, except, as Mark Twain tells us, "when the combatants catch cold," but there have been some painful exceptions. Thus Robert de Fancourt had a rapier run through his arm the other day, and Count de Kaiman received a thrust in the breast which is likely to prove fatal. Young Rochefort, son of the Communist, or Radical, editor, "pinned his man" while fighting in favor of Boulanger. Of course, the popularity of the general, still more his theatrical posing, has offended some of his former allies, and the way they manifest a slight displeasure is shown in this article in Le Paris, edited by Charles Laurent.

M. de Fancourt, of not having known Gen. Boulanger till today. I pleaded guilty of having been, as I fancied, patriotically reserved toward him. Yesterday I saw, heard and understood. I saw a man enter the Salle des Seances at the chamber, a man with low forehead, a close look and a forced smile, who at a chosen moment took a high seat and exhibited himself to the whole assembly, especially to the public in the galleries, for whom he filled his seat. I have seen all this, have heard and read all this, and I say one must be blind or an accomplice now not to understand the aim of the man, who calls himself a patriot above all things.

**Russia's Railway Accidents.** The Russian courts are severe in dealing out punishment for railway accidents. The court at Odessa has sentenced the local director and the engineer of the Steam Tramway company there to three months' imprisonment and to pay a compensation of 60,000 rubles for an accident which occurred on the line.—Chicago Herald.

# ALL ON HORSEBACK

Everybody Rides at the Nation's Capital.

## THE REST ATTEND THE RACES.

Kate Hayard's Skill—Alexander Greger's Curious Drag—Mrs. Davis, of Minnesota—How the Ladies Bet on the Speedy Horses—Rancroft on Horseback.

(Special Correspondence.) WASHINGTON, May 7.—It never rains but it pours, and Washington is now having its spring races and Barnum's circus during the same week. There is no place in the United States where a circus is better attended than Washington. Every one goes, from the president to the pages of the house and senate, and the gravest of statesmen are the keenest to see the evolutions of the acrobats.



GREGER'S DROSKY.

It is the same with the races, only more so, and the horseback riding and fancy driving which Washington has been affecting during the past two years is showing itself this week. Hundreds of teams with coachmen in livery, curious drags, and scores of lady and gentlemen riders are now seen every day at the Ivy City race track. After the races are over some of the society girls frequently take a turn around the course, and I saw four belles and a dude jumping the hurdles and going over the ditches at the close of one of the recent steeple chases. Miss Kate Hayard did this once in sight of 4,000 or 5,000 spectators, and she was applauded more than any of the races of the day.

Alexander Greger has been at the races both on horseback and in his curious drag. He is a rare bird, is this Russian secretary, and he seems to have no end of money. He keeps fine horses and a number of them, and he has turned the heads of the young men of Washington by his riding. He sits a horse well and drives like Jehu.



SECRETARY WHITNEY'S TURNOUT.

I saw Mrs. Whitney at the races in a victoria. She had a stiff coachman and footman on the driver's seat in front of her, and the secretary himself came out, carrying in his carriage the crutches which he has had to use since he was thrown from his horse at the paper chase during the late deadlock in congress. Whitney's coachman and footman wear cream colored coats, and their dark breeches have red cords running down the sides. They wear black hats with rosettes at the side of them, and they sit as stiffly as though they were made of wood.

A Washington coachman, to command a good salary, must have a back as straight as a rail. He must carry his arms close to his sides, and he must know how to hold the whip in a fashionable way. As a rule, his face looks as though it was petrified with dignity, and if a coachman would smile while on the seat he would probably be bounced. Whitney's coachman and footman are a fair type of those of the capital, but I don't think that they have the stiffness of the Anglo-Irish automaton who drives Secretary Endicott's team.

The president himself has a black coachman, and a fine looking one, too. He is a tall, broad shouldered ebony giant, with a face like a sable funeral, and the darkness of his skin is set off by his livery, which looks like jersey cream three days old. He drove Mrs. Cleveland and some of her friends out to the races, and the president's bride was as usual the observed of all observers.

One of the finest rigs seen, however, was Allison Naylor's, who, by the way, is the livery stable keeper of Washington who hired out to Booth the horse upon which he escaped on the night of the assassination of President Lincoln. This team is milk white in color and spirited in action. It belongs, I think, to Mrs. Naylor, and is one of the most striking teams of the capital.

John McLean, of the Cincinnati Enquirer, came out in a Brewster brougham, and I noticed that his horses were clipped, and that their manes and tails were banded. His livery was not far different from that of the president, and his coachman and footman were colored. Mr. McLean likes fast horses, and he is enough of a sporting man to make wet rather than to take a bluff. He purchased Joe Riskey, of St. Louis, for \$500 one night here a year or so ago, and won. It is my remembrance that it was "heads or tails," and McLean's guess of "tails" won him this cool half a thousand.

John C. Spooner was at the races with his spanking team of Kentucky bays. Mr. Spooner has not yet picked out the riding horse which he is seeking for his wife. He wants to get a Kentucky single footer, and both he and Mrs. Spooner are fond of out of door sports.

It is the same with the wife of Senator Davis, of Minnesota. Mrs. Davis' reputation for beauty in the northwest has not lost ground by her coming to Washington. She is the most beautiful woman among the wives of the senators, and she looks like the Diana Vernon of Walter Scott's novel. Rather tall and well formed, she sits her horse as though she were a part of it, and her beautiful complexion shines like the bloom of the peach as she gallops about the Washington country roads. She is as kind hearted and amiable as she is beautiful, and she keeps her good looks fresh by out of door exercise and by plain living.

Ethel Chase Sprague, Marguerite Cameron and Nannie Bayard were at the races, and the diplomats were out in force. I noticed a number of the ladies betting, and it is by no means an unfashionable thing

for the young ladies of Washington to stake cold, hard cash on the race track. The favorite method of doing this is in the French pools. In the French pools the pool seller sells tickets bearing the names of all the horses which are to run in each race, and the money that he receives from these is retained until the race is over. You buy the ticket bearing the name of the horse you prefer, and it costs you \$5. If this horse wins you form one of the number among whom the whole amount is divided, which is among the ticket holders of the favorite horse. When a dark horse wins the race these pools are very profitable. If one of the favorites wins they do not amount to very much. I know of a newspaper man who got last year \$700 for \$5, and a young Washington belle, upon laughing at a certain diplomat for betting on a certain horse was told by him that he would prove in a very satisfactory way that he was making a good bet. He said: "I will buy you a ticket at the same time that I buy one myself, and will make you a present of it." The society belle laughed "All right" through her pearly teeth and took the ticket. The ticket won \$150, and the result was that she had enough to keep her in gloves for two years.

Among the good there is always bad, and there is an element at these Washington races which bet heavily and which come out in the loudest of dresses. This is the element known in Washington as that south of the avenue. One of the noisiest teams of Washington is the tandem which is driven by the son of Paymaster Washington of the navy. A pair of dark bay horses with banded manes and tails are used. The harness is English and silver mounted, and there is a little black footman in white breeches and top boots sitting on the rear of the dog cart. He wears a plum colored coat and wears a bug on his hat, and when Mr. Horace Washington drives all Washington looks.

YOUNG WASHINGTON'S TANDER.

I got a splendid photograph of Rancroft his Kentucky horse in a blue velvet riding jacket. He had just taken his cap off his head and was resting, for he had apparently been riding fast. His white beard shone out the more like silver against the fresh green leaves of the spring, and he sat more like a young man than an old one. What a muscular frame this old historian must have! It is now eighty-eight years since it propelled him on his knees and hands across the carpets of his father's house, and all the time since it has been in continuous motion. There is not much fat about Rancroft—he is made up of skin, bone and sinew. He still works, and walks as well as rides, and he seems to have the perpetual motion of the wooden legged man of the fable, who started to walking and never could stop, or the restlessness of Eugene Sue's Wandering Jew, who travels on his way year in and year out, from generation to generation.

Congressman Scott, of Pennsylvania, is one of the leading horsemen of the capital, and he has several rattling good teams here. He has a number of fine horses ready for the present season on his farm at Cape Charles, Md., and he earns well up into the thousands of dollars every year off of his horses.

Senator Stanford's black team is seen every day on the streets of Washington, and one of the losses he has felt most during the last few years was that of several weeks ago, when a fire broke out on his Palo Alto farm in California, and a number of his horses were burned to death. One of his mares that died at this time was worth \$10,000, and she had made a record of 2:24. Some of the fastest horses in the world perished in these flames.

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Senator Stanford is too heavy a man to ride, and the president, notwithstanding all this talk, has not been on horseback since he came to Washington. A number of our statesmen ride, and ride well, and not a few of them ride in full costume. Henry Cabot Lodge, for instance, wears top boots and Bedford cord breeches, with a short cutaway coat and a plug hat. Like Secretary Whitney, Alexander Greger, Don Cameron and William Walter Phelps, Lodge has his horse's tails and manes banded, and these statesmen ride in English style. They bounce up and down as they go over the turf, and some of the least efficient of them travel a greater distance in going in and out of their saddles than they do on the track.

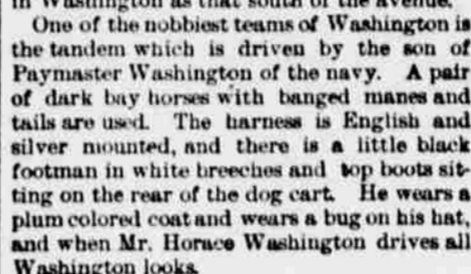
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